

The Critic

Pinkerton Academy

December 1904.

HIST
COLL
378.9742
pin
Dec
1904

B. F. LOW'S ❧ ❧

 Shoe Store,

❧ At 28 East Broadway. ❧

Is the place where you can get Up-to-Date Footwear such as
Boots, Shoes, Slippers,
Rubbers, Overshoes,
Gaiters and Leggings.

B. F. LOW,

28 EAST BROADWAY,

- -

WEST DERRY.

L. W. RAND,

— MAKER OF —

❧ Fine Portraits ❧

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

❧ Crayon, Water Color and Sepia, ❧

PICTURE FRAMES AND FRAMING.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

- -

WEST DERRY, N. H.

The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. I.

DERRY, DECEMBER 1904.

NO. III.

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of
Pinkerton Academy,

BOARD OF EDITORS.

ARTHUR WARREN REYNOLDS, Faculty, EDITOR IN CHIEF.

DANA GREENLEAF HOW, '05, Business Manager.

HAROLD V. ABBOTT, '07, Asst. Business Manager.

RUTH B. MERRIAM, '06, Exchange Editor.

HARRIS MOODY WEST, '05, Athletics.

GRACE LAVINIA PILLSBURY, '95, GEORGE FREDERICK BAMP-
TON, '94, Alumni Editors.

ASSISTANTS.

MARION CECILE WEBSTER, '05.

MYRA ISABEL FOSTER, '05.

EMMA THERESA CONE, '06.

CARL R. HILLMAN, '06.

LUCRETIA WILLIAMS, '07,

IRA KNIGHT, '07.

Subscriptions 50 Cts. a Year. Single Copies 10 Cts

DERRY, N. H., 1904.

THE editors wish to express their hope that this issue of THE CRITIC may prove more satisfactory to all than have the two others. We have many excuses for all shortcomings; but better than excuses for the past will be a marked improvement as time goes on. It is our desire to make this paper all that a school journal should be. But a board of editors alone can not accomplish this; we must have the support of every friend of Pinkerton. We need your subscriptions. Support us by them, and we will make THE CRITIC as excellent a messenger as we can.

IF there is any institution among us, aside from our regular studies, that more especially deserves our cordial support and earnest encouragement in its work, that institution is the Philomathean Society. Training in debate, practice in public

speaking, and skill in handling parliamentary bodies, are among the most valued of accomplishments. Very many men of renown, were they asked to account for their success before their fellow-citizens, would point back with gratitude to the days when, upon the floor of some crude debating society, they learned the lesson of how to speak upon their feet. Students who neglect the Philomathean Society lose a most valuable as well as most pleasurable privilege.

AFTER nearly a term of restlessness our Juniors have caught the school spirit to a degree that is apparent to all. To watch a new class thus adapt itself to new surroundings is a very interesting study. For the first weeks the childish mood of the grammar schools prevails; soon however leaders seem to rise over the heads of the rest of the class, and these catch an inspiration from the upper classes; one by one the others fall in, and by the end of the first term it is the academy and not the lower school that is apparent in the demeanor of nearly all.

WE often feel like commending the splendid spirit shown by our students. Some of us who have been familiar with other schools are struck with the readiness with which our boys and girls take heavy burdens of school work upon them. And this is a quality that cannot be too highly praised; in this day of the world the successful man is he who shrinks not at the sight of abundant tasks, and who is happiest when his days are made active with profitable employment.

As Shakespeare is considered the greatest of all English poets of the past and of the present, surely the study of his poetry ought to be cultivated to the farthest possible extent. And how can this end be better gained than by becoming so perfectly familiar with his ideals as must result from the production of any one of his plays.

To present a play successfully, all the members of the cast must work in perfect accord; there must be no suspicion of jealousy among the players. Each actor should work for the whole, and not to secure his own prominence. If, in a basket-ball game, one player tried to work independently of the other players, the game would necessarily end in his team's defeat. And what cause is there for jealousy, anyway? Some think that because their part is not the leading one, it is of no account. It may be of just as much account. As much depends upon the minor parts being executed well as it is important that the slightest touch upon a picture be drawn as skillfully as the most striking feature. Otherwise, there is failure. You may not be in the play at all, but sympathy is one of the strongest forces in this world. And your sincere desire to see the rest do well, renders a great deal of service to the general whole.

Training in elocution is only one of the many benefits derived from such productions. There is the training in freedom of action which surely is needed by many; the learning of facts connected with its period; and the changing of a person's character to higher resolves by living in his daily life as Shakespeare points the way.

Not only is this a rare treat for the scholars, but also for those who see the

production. It is not everyone who can see the greatest actors of the day, and no matter how familiar one may be with a play from reading it many times, he cannot have such a vivid impression of it until he has once seen it in moving form.

THE CRITIC would therefore bring before the school and the community the importance of these annual productions. And especially upon every student would it urge the importance of going into the work in the proper spirit. Your part may be a small one, but the play cannot be successful without your very best effort. Without unity,—failure; with it,—success.

A Visit to Boston.

On a Saturday not long ago, a party of students with three of the faculty, attended the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Colónial Theatre in Boston, for the purpose of obtaining points and ideas that will be very helpful to us in preparation for our presentation of the same play next term. But we could not let such an opportunity pass without doing some sight seeing, and in order that this might be possible, we started for Boston on the morning express.

We reached Boston at 9.40 o'clock, and then were piloted to points of interest, chiefly in the historical part of the city. Narrow Salem Street, with its small brick sidewalks and old fashioned buildings was of special interest to us. The old North church, with its adjoining grave yard in which Mother Goose and Paul Revere and many other historical personages are buried, was very instructive, and it was a happy reminder of Longfellow's celebrated poem on Paul Revere's Ride. This historic street is now inhabited largely by

Jews, and as we passed along we were greatly amused by their peculiarities of feature, dress and abode. Faneuil Hall was still another point of interest, but we could not take time to enter it. On State Street we passed the spot where occurred the Boston massacre, and just beyond it we entered beneath the Old State House and peered down into the entrance to the new East Boston tunnel.

After passing through the historic part of the city, we went to the State House on Beacon Hill. But before we entered we spent considerable time in admiring a work of art in the foreground. It is a representation in bronze of a famous black regiment with its leader, Col. Shaw, who was killed while leading a charge on Fort Wagner during the Civil War. This is truly a masterpiece of sculpture, not only in its perfectness but also in the atmosphere which is conveyed in the expression on the faces of the eager soldiers surging about the steel bearing their gallant leader. The sculptor was St. Gaudens.

We did not enter the different chambers of the State House, nor did we visit the dome, but felt satisfied with looking over the large entrance hall with its paintings, statuary, and groups of massive stone pillars.

After taking one more look at the monument to the black regiment, we passed through the public gardens to the Museum of Fine Arts, and for nearly an hour we enjoyed some of the finest paintings and sculpture in the world.

After a very welcome lunch we started for the Colonial, one of the finest theatres in Boston, where we were to enjoy Mr. Mansfield and his players in "The Merchant of Venice."

To see one of Shakespeare's plays given

by such an actor is indeed a rare pleasure, and to us, who are just about to undertake the preparation of this very piece it was especially valuable. It is a great help, for example, to see a play in its entirety, as a unit, before studying it; from the costumes, scenery and business, many points can be learned that will help at the proper time. But many of us were disappointed at the performance. Mr. Mansfield was excellent himself, but the play, as a whole, fell far behind "Julius Caesar" in excellence. Portia and Nerissa seemed utterly inadequate to the majesty of their parts. The former, though excellent in enunciation, failed to meet the dignity and lovely grace of Portia as we have learned to conceive her. Nerissa was too lifeless; she acted as if she were extremely bored and cared nothing for what she was doing.

But our disappointment did not render our day less profitable. And at the end of the winter term we feel confident that a delightful assemblage of our relatives and friends will enjoy our performance of "The Merchant of Venice" all the more for the pleasant Saturday that we spent in Boston.

The Philomathean Society.

The officers for this term are,—President, Carl Hillman, '06; Vice President, Bessie Bradford '05; Secretary, Blanche Prescott '07; Second Prudential, Linda McAllister '07; Third Prudential, Lulu Williams '07.

The first meeting of the Philomathean Society for the year was held Oct. 19th, '04. The regular debate was,—Resolved; That a High School is more beneficial to a community than an Academy. Aff., Bessie Bartlett '05; neg., C. W. Hobbs '06. The judges and house decided in favor of the

negative. Other speeches for the afternoon were: Resolved; That water works are beneficial to a town like this. Aff., Dana How, '05; neg., Fritz Shepard '06. Resolved; That the Japanese are justified in fighting against Russia. Myra Foster '05.

The second meeting was held Nov. 3rd, 1904. The debates were all extemporaneous. The regular debate was: Resolved; That our Philippine policy is not justifiable. Aff., Myra Foster '05; neg., Lucretia Williams '06. Both judges and house were in favor of the affirmative. Resolved; That a lie is sometimes justifiable. Dana How '05.

The next meeting was held Nov. 10th, 1904. The regular debate for the afternoon was: Resolved; That a lie is sometimes justifiable. Aff., Harold Abbott '05; neg., Blanche Prescott '07. The judges and house were in favor of the affirmative. The extemporaneous speeches were as follows: Resolved; That there should be an educational test as a qualification for voting. Helen Melvin '06. Resolved; That the sailor is more to be honored than the soldier. C.W. Hobbs '06.

The next meeting of the Philomathean Society was held Nov. 18, 1904. The regular debate was: Resolved; That coal has been of more benefit to mankind than gold. Aff., Bessie Bartlett '05, and Isaac Gross '06; neg., Arvilla Thompson '05, and Blanche Hillman '06. The judges and house were in favor of the negative. The following extemporaneous debates were given: Resolved; That a lawyer has no moral right to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty. Ruth Merriam '06. Resolved; That the newspaper reports of prize fights should be condemned. Lizzie Wheeler '05.

The Twins and Other Folks.

Mabel's mother was out, and Mabel and the young man were in the back parlor. Suddenly the hall door opened and two little figures in long, white night-ropes, with tumbled curls and round, sleepy eyes, stood blinking on the threshold. The inevitable small brother, only he was twins!

Notwithstanding threats and entreaties, neither fear of punishment nor hope of reward had power to move them, and declaring their intention of "waitin' for mama," they perched themselves, one on each arm of the sofa, and gazed solemnly, first at the young man, then at Mabel, who was controlling an intense desire to apply the slipper.

Suddenly, one of them burst out with, "Do you like Mab?" The young man, taken by surprise, had hardly recovered from his confusion enough to answer, when the other inquired, with a fiendish grin, "Is Mab your best girl?" Then, growing bolder, the first chimed in with, "Yes, are you going to marry Mab?"

Mabel's face was a deep, dark red, and the young man's looked as if it required the immediate application of a fire extinguisher. The twins had the floor all to themselves, and grinning horribly they continued with:

"What's your celery?"

"Papa says clerks don't get much."

"Mama says she don't b'lieve you could s'port Mab, she's so 'strav'gant, didn't she Ted?"

"Yes'n Mab said she'd marry you anyway, if you didn't get more'n five cents a week."

The young man reached for his hat. Mabel's hands clinched and unclined

spasmodically, while tears of anger and deepest humiliation filled her eyes. The young man glanced at her, put back his hat, turned toward the twin-fiends, and looking straight at them, said: "Yes I'm going to marry Mabel, if she's foolish enough to have me, and I'm going to begin using my privilege as your future relative now." So saying, he arose, and seizing a twin with each hand, carried them, kicking and screaming, into the hall, and dropped them by the umbrella stand, with threats of dire calamity if they dared show themselves again; then, leaving them, he went back into the parlor, — but the rest is not interesting, except to Mabel and the young man.

One afternoon a shrill, metallic sound proceeded from the direction of the kitchen. "What's that unearthly noise?" asked Mabel, who was "primping" in anticipation of a visit from the young man. "It's only the twins," answered Mabel's mama. "Their uncle Jack has just made them each a new instrument of torture, in the shape of a brad. They are sharpening them now with the file. I pity the dogs and cats in this neighborhood, while they last!"

"I wonder what mischief they are planning now!" thought Mabel, as she tied her necktie.

The noise stopped, and the twins were heard coming through the parlor, dragging their brads behind them. They stopped in the front hall, but as nothing further was heard from them, they and their brads were forgotten, and Mabel's mind was serene and untroubled as she selected a book and sat down to await the coming of her betrothed.

She waited but a short time before a

peal of the door-bell announced the young man's arrival, and arising with alacrity she took a brief survey of herself at the mirror and hastened to answer the summons. But before she could reach the door, the sound of a lively scuffle, mingled with shrieks of fiendish laughter, and what sounded very much like profane language, — only the young man didn't swear, so it couldn't have been, — greeted her ears.

When she arrived at the door, she saw just exactly what she expected to see. The young man stood on the top step dancing a species of hornpipe in his attempts to escape the jabs which the twins were aiming at his ankles with their brads.

"Can't you make those young demons quit jabbing me with those infernal brads?" he exclaimed, as he retreated to the front step, closely followed by his youthful tormentors.

"Ned! Phil!" entreated Mabel in her most persuasive tones. "Don't you see that you are carrying your joke too far? — you are really annoying Mr. Maltravers." The twins had to be handled carefully.

But this was received with increased merriment, and a fiercer onslaught which forced the young man to the bottom step.

Just then a well-known voice was heard in the hall, and Mabel's papa appeared. But almost before he could comprehend the significance of the scene, the twins "made themselves scarce" to the immense gratification and relief of the young man, who was immediately swearing dire vengeance when he should meet them next time.

It was a warm afternoon in mid-July. Mabel sat by the front bay window dressed in crisp white muslin and a wide-brimmed,

picture hat, trimmed with masses of chiffon and pink roses, and impatiently tapped the floor with the tip of her ruffled white-silk parasol.

The twins sat on the sofa looking at a copy of "Puck," and slyly pinching and winking at each other as time went on, and Mabel's impatience increased; but whenever her face was turned in their direction, both gazed solemnly at her with an expression of deepest sympathy.

At last she drew a sigh of relief, and began putting on her gloves. The twins got up, sauntered to the window, and after looking out for a moment, hugged each other ecstatically while Mabel's back was turned and quietly left the room.

The young man was walking jauntily up the street, resplendent in high collar, white duck pantaloons and patent leather shoes.

The joy of the twins was inexpressible. They stood behind the hedge holding the nozzle of the hose between them, while the young man, all unconscious of the fate which awaited him, drew nearer and nearer.

"Now!" said Ned.

"Right between his mean little eyes!" said Phil.

The young man staggered backward, uttering an unearthly howl. A burst of jeering laughter, revealed the location of the enemy. He tried to escape, but that little stream of water seemed to be everywhere. Mabel appeared upon the scene, but the ridiculousness of it was too much for her gravity, and she could not repress a smile. This was the last straw. He gazed reproachfully at her and tried to look dignified, as he turned and stalked down the street, a wilted, dripping, figure, with his pantaloons clinging disconsolately to his ankles, and his shoes half full of

water, followed by the twins who seemed to have a neverending coil of hose.

THE TWINS AND THE PAINT-POT.

It was near the end of June. The Fairfax house was being newly painted, grey with green trimmings and a red roof, and the twins were watching the process with intense interest. One would have thought by the attention they gave it, and the profound questions with which they plied the painters, that they were contemplating entering that profession themselves.

When at last the work was done, and ladders, stagings, paint kegs and brushes were piled up together waiting to be taken away, they went, hand in hand, to Mr. Anderson, the head painter, and asked very politely if he would let them have just a little of the red and the green paint to give dear Fido's kennel a coat. They received a generous supply, Mr. Anderson was from another part of the town which the notoriety of the twins had not yet reached,—and walked away with their prize toward the "shop."

Inside its protecting walls they gave way to their mirth, and embraced each other ecstatically.

"Now what let's do first?" asked Bob.

Phil gazed angelically at the ceiling a few moments. "Mr. Maltravers is goin' to call on Mab tonight," he remarked unconcernedly.

"Of course he'll wear his white duck pants, it's so warm," added Bob.

They winked solemnly at each other.

"And they'll sit out under the trees 's usual, so's they can spoon," continued Phil.

"Don't you think the lawn seat is gettin' rather shabby lookin'?" inquired Bob, after a few minutes silence.

"Red 'n green paint 'd make it look just bully," replied Phil.

"Let's!" they cried.

Thus was the conspiracy made.

During the afternoon the lawn seat was slyly conveyed to the shop, and when, under cover of the darkness, the twins took it back again, it was fantastically decorated with stripes and checks of bright, fresh paint spread on rather thickly.

Mr. Maltravers came. He wore white duck trousers as the twins had foreseen, and Mabel floated out to meet him in a crisp new gown of spotless figure. They wandered slowly across the lawn toward the trees. Mr. Maltravers was quoting poetry.

"How Nature paints each tiny flower—"

"'Propriate," chuckled Phil.

They pinched each other in silent glee.

Mabel spread out her skirts and sank gracefully down on the fateful seat; her companion gathered up his coat-tails and followed her example.

At a late hour in the evening, a solitary young man in white duck pantaloons might have been seen wending his way along the almost deserted streets, avoiding electric lights, and sidling along close to fences, walking crab-wise, lest some chance passer-by should obtain a rear view.

Next day the atmosphere was electric in the Fairfax household. There was a strong odor of turpentine in the air, and Mabel's new dress hung on the clothes-reel, a sorry object to behold.

The twins were not visible.

ATHLETICS.

We closed our football season on Election Day. In many respects there was much that was disappointing in the work of our team, but on the whole the Academy should feel satisfied. Of course all would have been glad had we won at least a single game, and indeed we ought to have won three out of our schedule, namely the first contest with Sanborn, and both of those with Methuen; but starting as we did with material entirely new to the game, it is evident that after all we did pretty well.

Fourteen boys won their P's by playing in at least three match games; their names, positions and weights follow. Our average weight was 141 pounds.

Fred G. Bartlett '08, r. e.	130 lbs.
Lowell R. Clark '06, r. t.	145 "
Ray A. Clement '06, r. g.	165 "
Carl R. Hillman '06, c.	145 "
James I. Miltimore '06, l. g.	155 "
John Clark '08, l. t.,	135 "
Isaac W. Gross '06, l. e.	140 "
Walter I. Neller '06, q. b.	135 "
Aaron H. Wilson '07, r. h. b.	130 "
Vernon C. Raitt '08, l. h. b.	130 "
Harris M. West '05, f. b. (Capt.)	145 "

Subs.—Clarence Wilson '08; Ira B. Knight '07; Howard G. Moody '05.

At a recent meeting of the members of the team Aaron H. Wilson '07 was chosen captain for next year. He will have ten of this year's regular team to start the season with.

SANBORN SEMINARY 16; PINKERTON 0.

On Nov. 5 we played Sanborn Seminary at East Derry. The Seminary boys averaged about 15 pounds heavier, and won the game 16 to 0. They made all

their points in the first half, and in the second half were unable to score. Their backs put up a good game, Lord especially making several long gains around the end. The game, while hard fought, was a very clean one. Hillman, the Pinkerton center, had the misfortune to be hurt in the last few minutes of play, so that he had to leave the game.

METHUEN HIGH 0; PINKERTON 0.

On Election Day the boys lined up against the heavy Methuen High team and played them to a standstill. This was all the more remarkable as Pinkerton played the game with a team in poor condition and with a shifted line up. The general opinion was that if the regular team could have played, they would have won. P. A. had the ball in Methuen's territory every minute of play, and in the second half Methuen was outpunted. Douglas put up a good game for M. H. S., and the two Wllsons, Bartlett, West and Gross played well for P. A.

Basketball.

Now that the football season is over we can turn our attention to basketball, a sport which requires agility and skill. We have plenty of fellows who are possessed of these qualities, and who, with a little training, would develop into a fine team. As we are constantly receiving challenges from other schools, it seems a pity that we cannot accept them. Our chief difficulty lies in the fact that we have no suitable place for playing our home games, as our gymnasium is too small. If the Beaver Lake Pavilion were equipped with heating apparatus we could probably secure it and make enough to

pay expenses. As it is, we have to content ourself with inter-class games, which are at present arousing much interest among the fellows.

JUNIOR MIDLERS 18; JUNIORS 4.

The first inter-class game took place between the classes of '07 and '08, Nov. 29. The game was very good for the first one, and served to show what can be done in the future. The score was 18 to 4 in favor of the Junior Middlers.

P. A. A. A.

The regular meeting of the Pinkerton Academy Athletic Association was held Nov. 16, and the following officers were elected: Pres, Carl Hillman '06; Vice Pres., F. Shepard '07; Sec., Dana How '05; Treas., Mr. A. W. Reynolds; Advisory Committee, W. I. Neller '06, I. W. Gross '06, J. I. Miltimore '06, Mr. John C. Chase (Trustee), Mr. A. W. Reynolds (Faculty). A committee was appointed to arrange for an athletic agreement with Sanborn Seminary. After this business was transacted, the different athletic teams met and elected their officers: Captain of Baseball, W. I. Neller '06, Manager, Dana G. How '05; Captain of Football, A. H. Wilson '07, Manager, F. Shepard Jr. '07; Captain of Track Team, Carl Hillman '06, Manager I. W. Gross '06.

DANA G. HOW, Secretary.

A Sketch of Monasticism.

BY GRACE L. HUNT '02.

¶This essay was awarded second prize at the Derby Contest in Composition in 1902.

The word monachism or monasticism,

comes from the Greek word, meaning "to dwell alone," and denotes a life of seclusion with the idea of promoting the highest interests of the soul. The central idea underlying this system is that the body is a hindrance to the spirit; and that those who refuse to gratify instincts and appetites arising in the physical nature should be deserving of much praise.

Egypt is said to be the home of monasticism, but although it began in the Eastern Empire, it was in the Western Empire and at a much later date that the great monastic orders arose. People who made up these orders were the original hermits who at first desired to escape sin and its influences and so withdrew into the wilderness. Later they formed orders.

The system was made up of two prominent classes of ascetics; (1) Hermits, or anchorites, who retired from the world and lived in solitary places; (2) Cenobites, or monks, who formed communities and lived under a common roof.

The monastic idea of life was by no means original with christianity, although it was under its influence that monasticism exhibited its most wonderful development. The idea was known and acted upon long before the Christian era. Elijah and John the Baptist give us excellent illustrations of the ascetic mode of life.

As time went on, monastic life became very popular, and monasteries might be seen up among the mountains, cut out of the mountains themselves, and accessible oftentimes only by means of ropes or ladders. Many gave up all family relations and social friendship, and took up the solitary life of the desert, often living in the open air, and upon the coarsest food. Many rigid rules were adopted, but the harsher and more exacting the rule, the

more scanty and even the more repulsive the diet, the greater attraction it had for many minds. Hundreds gave themselves up to what is described as a "life long torture." Simon Stylites, a Syrian shepherd boy, who lived in the fifth century, left his flock thirty miles east of Antioch, for a monastic life, and thinking he was not enduring enough, erected a pillar sixty feet high and only three feet in circumference. Attaching a ponderous chain to his body, he mounted the pillar and there remained for thirty years exposed to every kind of climate, and living upon the scantiest food. The poet Tennyson, in his *St. Simeon Stylites*, says,—

"Let this avail just dreadful mighty God,
This not be all in vain, these thrice ten
years,

Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs.

Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and
sleet and snow.

And these thirty years of suffering were not "in vain," for so great was the influence that he exerted through his reputation for sanctity, that thousands of Arabs are said to have been baptized through his exhortations. From every quarter pilgrims thronged to do him honor, and a crowd of prelates followed him to the grave. He gained the titles of "Star of the Earth" and "Wonder of the World."

But the life spent in the monasteries was far superior to the life spent alone on the desert. It was a life where man mingled with his "fellows" and had things in common with them. Severe rules were regarded here as well as by the hermits, but not so much torture was practised.

But why should a life filled with such hardships draw so many within its grasp?

The unsettled condition of society, the wickedness of the age, and the desire in the minds of many for a life of quiet and a chance to pursue learning were a few of the many reasons for its popularity.

But why should we study about the monks and the monasteries of the early centuries? What was the use of so much torture, confinement and fasting? It has produced "great scholars, great bishops and great thinkers," such as St. Anthony, St. Basil, St. Gregory and St. Jerome. In the ninth century the monasteries were the centres of intellectual learning. The monks became missionaries, and it was very largely to their earnestness and devotion that the church owed her prompt victory over the barbarians. They became teachers, and established schools which were nurseries of learning during the middle ages; they became copyists, and gathered ancient manuscripts with much care and thus gave to the world a great deal of classical learning and literature that would otherwise have been lost. The arts of printing and carving in wood and ivory were practised by them. Everywhere the monasteries opened their doors to the poor and needy, the sick and discouraged. They were asylums and hospitals as well as schools of learning. They taught self-control and self-sacrifice. In the words of Armitage, "They taught men in plain language that the spiritual life is the only real life, the only life worth living."

Here are several ways to kill a high school paper:

1. Do not subscribe or buy a copy; borrow your roommate's. Be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers, and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.
3. Never hand in a news item, but criticise everything there is in the paper. Be a coxcomb.
4. If you can't get a bump on your anatomy and help make the paper a success, be a corpse.—Ex.

Things As They Are.

As I am a daily visitor at Pinkerton, I am in a position to tell the things that happen there just as they are. The editors of this paper are apt to put things a little contrary to the facts, easing up a bit on what they would not like to have publicly known. But I am going to be very confidential; probably the editor would not have let this be published had I not, during my frequent visits, discovered a secret way into his desk, and at the last moment smuggled this in among the other papers that were going to the press.

I have said that I am a daily visitor, which may at first appear a little surprising to you; but let me explain a bit. I do not go inside, for I see through the window plenty to tell. Of course this is not a very polite thing to do, but if the teachers and the scholars do not object, you have no reason to complain. In the morning I take my seat in one of the beautiful maples near a south-east window. The sun warms my back, and I am very comfortable.

From this position I can see poor scholars struggling with languages that they can hardly get their tongues around. In one class they seem to be saying a mixture of what sounds like "noo, voo, ong, ang, r-r-r," just as fast as they can; another class of three meagre-looking boys seem to be singing a funny looking song written in notes that they call "Beat her," "O mag her," "Mew," "Row" and "Ep's along." I don't believe that even they know what it all means.

But this is enough for the tedious lessons; I'll tell you about the scholars. The whole school look up to the inhabitants of this room as living models of propriety and decorum, just because they are Seniors and Middlers. The timid Juniors imagine that they say "please this" and "please that," "dear teacher," "if you please" and "thank you," and

that they walk about as noiselessly as ghosts, and as if they had sticks up and down their backs. But this is wrong, entirely wrong, for they practise all the monkey pranks imaginable. They whisper; they eat chestnuts; they go to the Dictionary every five minutes, not to increase their knowledge, as the good little angels are supposed to be doing, but in order to leave a note for some person on the way. The girls are continually primping their hair, and adjusting their belts, greatly to the disgust of their teacher who helps the deceit along by saying, "If you wish to retain your superior and dignified position as Seniors and Middlers, you had better complete your toilets before you come to school."

It is much worse for these scholars to do these very wrong things, for they are supposed to have reaped the fruits of four and three years, respectively, of lecturing by the faithful teachers. My anger being aroused by seeing the behavior of these people, and then contrasting it with their reputation, I fly up and look in at the window above.

This room is different, very different. It is the music room. Here the scholars, especially a few of the soprano girls, are having a fine time stretching their mouths and keeping time with their feet, which disturbs the people with the big reputation below.

Sometimes when the Juniors are singing in this room, the discord is so great that I almost lose my balance. But I cling tightly and do not fly away, in spite of the warning "caw! caw! caw!" from my more timid brethren in the pines over by the stand-pipe. But when the Seniors are singing! Ah! Then indeed should the school be proud of them, for their notes are so full of melody that it makes me close my eyes and sit and dream of Paradise. Surely the four weary years that the patient music teacher has la-

bored with them have not been spent in vain.

In this room are many pictures of men whose hair is as long as that of the members of the football team. Their names make me think of those foreign language classes down stairs.

I begin to feel that 'he sun has left my back, and with a good-by "caw!" I fly around to the big elm by one of the southwest windows, and look in. Here indeed is a hubbub, for the wee little Juniors sit here. The actions here are a great deal worse than those in the Senior room; but there is a good reason for it, for the advice which here is passed around gratis and very often, has not yet had time to soak in to the consciences of these children. Over there I see a boy and a girl holding hands, a very shocking thing to do in public; even in private it violates the very high standard of Pinkerton Academy, and has even caused teachers' meetings and great anxiety. One day indeed, in the Algebra class, I saw a pretty Junior taught by a brother classmate, what an uncertain and deceptive pastime this is.

In another part of the room I see a boy holding a novel behind his recitation book, and then I see the pained and bewildered expression that comes over his face when the teacher calls his name and says, "You may continue the recitation, please."

Pretty soon I begin to think of my friends, the two-year-olds, in the room above, and I fly up, and looking in, see the old familiar circles and triangles on the blackboards. The behavior here is no better than that of the Seniors and of the Juniors. I notice, that on the teacher's desk there is a little groove worn by the incessant tapping of pencils at mutinous members of this venturesome class, and I have seen there a great pile of apple cores stuck together with gum

that he has taken away from this lawless band. They all have maintained their seats this term except poor Johnny, who is compelled to sit down front; and though he is not very big, he is very much in the way of the classes that come in to recite.

Sometimes this teacher spends a period in the laboratory, leaving a room full of scholars. What happens then I cannot tell, for when I see the teacher leaving I always fly away. The only time I ever tried to "sit out" one of these periods my nerves received such a shock that I never knew what happened.

I do not dare to tell any more secrets, for if I do I am afraid that some of the football boys will kill me, and wear my sombre feathers instead of gay ribbons in their hair. And so I will leave the rest to your imagination.

THE ACADEMY CROW.

The Personal Characteristics of Macbeth.

At his first introduction Macbeth is an unassuming soldier with clear conscience and fearless heart, distinguished merely by the title, Thane of Glamis, though heard on every hand for matchless bravery. He departs a wreck of broken down reason, a victim to the horrors of his own imagination, king of Scotland, but hated by every man in the kingdom. The character of such a man must necessarily be complex; it is, in truth, a virtual contradiction of itself.

Ambition must ever head the list of Macbeth's qualities, but cannot a kind, tender heart, sensitive to the demands of one's fellow creatures, compensate for this in some degree? That he was the possessor of such a heart we cannot doubt, for while Lady Macbeth says, "Thou art

not without ambition," in the same breath she adds,

"Yet do I fear your nature;

It is too full of the milk of human kindness."

A waverer in purpose he always was, at the same time possessing more bravery than thousands of men who decide on the minute. Scrupulousness was another of Macbeth's redeeming qualities and, here again we have Lady Macbeth for witness:

"What thou wouldst highly

That wouldst thou holily."

When returning from the field of victory he met witches who prophesied such good fortune that they set him to thinking at first, then, to dreaming, and finally, to executing. Macbeth's ambition is fast passing the shoal of moderation on the way to the high tide of excess, when it is to prove his ruin. The poison of the witches' prophecy has infected his mind and is now to urge him on to action. Even while receiving from Duncan the new title, Thane of Cawdor, he is forming a plot against the very life of his benefactor. When the king visits his palace he deceitfully conceals his base designs beneath a calm and courteous exterior. "False face must hide what the false heart doth know," says Macbeth—words which throw a flood of light upon the change which is taking place in his character.

Yet when, shut apart in the stillness of his own room, he thinks over the intended murder, he feels that he cannot do the deed. Is he not a subject and a host? Is not Duncan a just and virtuous king? Dare he violate the sacred rites of hospitality? Dare he stem the tide of public opinion? So he wavers between compassion and ambition, until murderous thoughts yield to kinder ones. Then

comes Lady Macbeth upon the scene; with arguments strengthened by taunts of cowardice the dauntless woman succeeds in drowning the pathetic appeal of her husband's conscience, and in spurring him on to a deed that is to make him the unhappiest of men, the most despised of mortals.

Superstition as well as ambition played an important part in Macbeth's downfall. If he had not been superstitious he would not have listened to the witches in the first place, nor would he have acted, contrary to all reason, in obedience to their second prophecy.

His superstition is fed and fostered by imagination, which as his better feelings become stifled, grows more vivid and misleading. Strange sights come before the eyes of the deluded man; the air drawn dagger when he is alone; the ghost of Banquo in the midst of the royal feast; the dreadful apparitions that seem to be summoned by the witches. This sway of a disordered imagination grows more and more imperious till Birnam wood seems to be coming to Dunsinane, and he feels that the natural world is combining with the supernatural to denounce and destroy him.

Ever since the witches first whispered their fair prophecy instigating him to the murder of Duncan, Macbeth has been changing for the worse. As he advances farther into the sea of crime, his virtues pass into "the sere and yellow leaf," while avarice, cruelty and malice spring up in their stead. The grasping passion grows more intense daily until, for the paltry fear that Banquo's descendants will occupy the throne, Macbeth is led to murder his once dear friend and fellow general. He wishes to control everything, to

have everything, to be everything. Defeated in the hope of seizing upon Macduff, he maliciously butchers his defenceless wife and children. Every day his mad career grows more cruel. Making no distinction of persons, the tyrant mercilessly slaughters young and old, rich and poor. Too late he wakes up to find that, by turning a deaf ear to conscience and to all the influences of right and purity, he has lost character, friends, happiness, and that "Titles are but empty names."

Macbeth could hardly have been sorry when he felt his end to be so near, nor could he have been glad; there were no hopes for him in the future, living or dead. So it was desperation that he encountered, the antagonist who he must have known would conquer, and fell by the sword of the man whom he had so deeply wronged. Unwept and unloved he passes away and is heard of no more except when mentioned for his tyranny and cruelty or pointed out as the man who listened not to the entreaties of conscience, but fell a victim to his own ambition and superstition.

E. H. G. '05.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Jennie Friend '03 is teaching school in Littleton, N. H.

Mr. John C. Chase has recently taken a short trip to the St. Louis Exposition.

After the Dartmouth-Brown Football game, Albert Melvin '01, made a flying visit to his home.

Mr. Perley Horne, one of our trustees, and formerly the Principal of Dummer Academy, is now teaching at Honolulu, Hawaii Islands.

Mr. Walter Young, one of our alumni, who for two years was an instructor at

Dartmouth, and is now teaching in the Worcester High School, was with us Election Day.

Mr. Daniel Abbott, a student at Pinkerton in the '80's, and now town clerk of Salem, N. H., had a very narrow escape recently from being shot by a careless gunner. While out in the woods two shots fell close beside him, but at his shouts the hunters took warning and skipped without giving any trace of his identity.

It has been lately learned that two men who took an active part in the Civil War were at one time students at Pinkerton. Both are believed to have attended school here in the '30's, although the exact date is not known.

The name of Lieut. Smith has been seen carved on the wood-work of the Old Academy. Smith was the commander of the Congress, which was the first ship to open fire at the battle of Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862. The Congress was pitted against the Merrimac, a vessel far superior in every point of structure; and although the ship from the North fought bravely, she was finally driven aground and burned. Smith was killed in this fight, but won for his bravery the following tribute from the pen of President Roosevelt: "Smith was one of the most gallant men in a service where gallantry has always been too common to need special comment."

The other noted historical alumnus is Capt. Tatnall. Two years before the Civil War, Tatnall commanded the Fleet of the Union in Chinese Waters. In June, 1859, he rendered important aid to the French and English in their disastrous assault upon the Pei-Ho forts. His services made his name popular in France

and England, and when he returned to America this popularity gained for him great prestige among the Southerners with whom he sided. He was placed in command of the Merrimac, nearly the highest position the South could offer, which only a short time before had destroyed the Congress commanded by his schoolmate.

Thus Pinkerton Academy was well represented on both sides, in the great Civil War and her officers won wide renown.

WHISPERS FROM THE CORRIDOR.

The Athletic fair will be held the closing night of school.

Miss Carmen B. Stilphen '05 spent her Thanksgiving vacation with friends in Concord.

Miss Emma Cone spent her Thanksgiving vacation with Miss Elizabeth Gross at the latter's home in Windham.

Miss Ruth Merriam and Miss Emma Cone are taking special drawing lessons afternoons after the close of school.

There is to be a locker built in the boys' basement for the boys' foot ball suits, something that they will appreciate very much.

The foot-ball team has just had its pictures taken, and they will doubtless be on sale at the Athletic Fair planned for the last night of the term.

Frank L. Thomas, a pupil of last year, was married Nov. 16 to Miss Mabel V. Chick, a young lady of Londonderry. We wish "Orlando" and his bride much happiness.

The schools in the adjoining towns are

closing, and we are receiving visits from those teachers whom we number among our graduates. Already the Misses Lucy and Grace Hunt, and Esther Palmer have called upon us.

Since our last issue went to press one new pupil has entered school, Dionisio Lamas of Neuvas, Cuba. He is making fine progress though placed in surroundings that must be so strange to him, and has by his bright and pleasing manner made many friends during the short time he has been here. We are very glad to welcome among us one from our sister country in which we are all so much interested, and we trust he may find his stay here pleasant.

During the Thanksgiving vacation the Misses Melvin met with what might have been a very serious accident. While driving from Chester to Derry their horse ran away, and after going some distance ran against an embankment, overturning the carriage upon the four girls. Each of them was badly bruised and shaken up, and the Misses Minnie and Helen were badly cut about the face. The latter was obliged to absent herself from school for several days.

We have received a pleasant visit this term from the Rev. Joseph Bartley of Burlington, Vermont. He was once a pupil here, and his family have for many years been actively connected with the school in different capacities, his sister, Miss Susan Bartley, having been a teacher in the Academy for a long time.

Mr. Bartley was for many years principal of the High School in Bridgeport, Conn. He is also the inventor of an appliance for keeping books open.

On the evening of Friday Nov. 5 the

Junior-Middle class gave a Hallowe'en party in the Academy Hall. The hall was prettily decorated with the class colors and evergreen. The large number of students present enjoyed the fine entertainment provided by the Social Committee. The usual Hallowe'en games were played, and the promenading was kept up until the close of the evening. The affair was a decided social success, and greatly added to the interest felt by the students toward the socials given by the various classes of the school.

On election day we all were especially interested in the vote on the license question. Although we could not cast ballots ourselves, we feel that we had a great deal at stake, for the boys and the girls are by no means the least to suffer from the saloon. Some of us who rode to Nashua one Saturday in October were made to feel very vividly that when intoxication is thrust persistently before one's eyes, it is capable of making a long journey an extremely disagreeable one. And we are glad that there is a likelihood that the public sale of liquor in Derry will be stopped.

The unusually large number of Juniors this year made it necessary to have the beginners in Algebra recite in two divisions. And after the mid-term examinations Mr. Campbell took advantage of this in what seems to us a very excellent way. Heretofore the classes in Algebra have always been handicapped by the presence of a few dull pupils, in such a way that the better workers have been retarded. But now the slower members are in a division by themselves where they may receive all the care and attention they need; while the rest of the class, by being by themselves, are enabled to progress as rapidly as is advisable for them.

As hinted in the last CRITIC an athletic agreement with Sanborn Seminary is to be made, and a committee has been appointed to represent Pinkerton. It is proposed to arrange for annual contests in base ball, track athletics and foot ball. Such an arrangement ought to furnish just the stimulus that we need. With the prospect each season of meeting a rival like Sanborn,—a school very similar to Pinkerton in size and purpose—each team will be spurred to more, seriousness of effort, and the school itself will have a greater incentive to support athletics. Negotiations with Sanborn have already been opened, and it is expected that the agreement will be signed during the winter term.

The second lecture in the Academy Course was given Nov. 8th, by Miss Caroline M. Kingman of Boston. The lecture was on Brazil, and was illustrated by fine stereopticon views. Miss Kingman is an extremely pleasing speaker, and was well versed upon the subject which she presented to us. She took us away from Derry, over the waves with her, past the mouth of the Amazon, into the cities of Brazil, so different from ours. Then we seemed to be under the waving palms, or in the gardens filled with beautiful flowers. We also visited the strange Brazilian schools, and compared them with our own. And all too soon we had to leave this interesting country, but we carried away with us many thoughts of pleasure and profit.

On Wednesday evening, December seventh a large audience listened with delight to Mr. Charles F. Underhill as he rendered selections from Dickens "Christmas Carol." This is the third season that we have had Mr. Underhill entertain us in our course, and the pleasure was anticipated very eagerly. Two

years ago he rendered "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and last year "The Rivals."

Mr. Underhill's methods are almost unique. One who has never seen him can hardly realize that one man, without scenery, properties or make-up, can put before an audience a complete play, every character as individual as the author intended it to be. Yet this is just what Mr. Underhill accomplishes. Certainly those who miss seeing such an artist deprive themselves of a rare treat

The play for this year is to be "The Merchant of Venice" and the parts have been assigned as follows;

Shylock, ...	James Miltimore
Antonio, ...	Charles Hall
Bassanio, ...	Ray Clement
Lorenzo, ...	Walter Neller
Gratiano, ...	Dana How
Salanio, ...	Carl Forsaith
Salarino, ...	Lowell Clark
Tubal, ...	Carl Hillman
Launcelot Gobbo, ...	Fred Corson
Old Gobbo, ...	Charles W. Hobbs
Duke of Venice, ...	Howard Moody
Prince of Morocco, ...	Dionisio Lamas
Portia, ...	Anna Barndollar
Nerissa, ...	Bessie Bartlett
Jessica, ...	Marion Webster

Secrets.

Too bad that that picture of Fred and the young lady whom he took to the Harvard-Dartmouth foot-ball game got into the Boston Globe. Very cold, wasn't it?

A jackal is a small bird. Authority, Miss M.

The extremity of a point.—Geometry.
When was the Declaration of Independence signed, Bundy?
"Divine aid" became when translated into Latin, "a divine egg."



STEPHEN LANE FOLGER,

ESTABLISHED 1892.

WATCHES,
DIAMONDS
JEWELRY.

Club and College Pins,
and Rings.

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

180 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHAS. BARTLETT

Druggist and
Stationer.

Fine Stationery.

✿ ✿ School Supplies. ✿ ✿

Photographic Supplies. Com-
plete line of Eaton-Hurlbut Papers.

DERRY, N. H.

FAIR, ✿ FAIR, ✿ FAIR

Don't forget the P. A. A. A. Fair the last
night of school.

— All Are Welcome —

Come and buy your Christmas Presents. Fancy
Articles, Home-Made Candy, Ice Cream and
Punch can be obtained at Reasonable Prices.

A short but interesting entertainment will be
given.

— Academy Hall, —

Friday Eve. December 23, 1904.

DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 4504 00081413 8

For Reference

Not to be taken

from this library